

No. 16,

(TO BE CONTINUED WEEKLY.)

OF THE

EMERALD.

FOR AUGUST 16, 1806.

Rollin's Ancient History.

ETHERIDGE and BLISS, No. 12, Cornhill, Boston, propose publishing by Subscription, an elegant Edition of ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY, in eight volumes octavo. To be illustrated with several useful Maps.

Of the numerous works that are constantly issuing from the European and American presses, perhaps no one is more deserving of being handed down to posterity, and its principles inculcated, than *Rollin's Ancient History*. This author, while he stands unrivalled as a pleasing historian, is surpassed by few, in blending, in a masterly manner, moral sentiments with historical facts; and although it was designed principally for the instruction of youth, it will be found a most agreeable and useful companion to the well informed historian. Its reputation for nearly a century, proves that it richly merits a place in all social or private libraries.

CONDITIONS.

I. This work shall be printed on a *superfine wove* paper, and on a new pica type. Several useful Maps, executed by the celebrated D'Anville, will be interspersed in the volumes, to illustrate the most important parts of the History. It is the intention of the publishers to print it in a style superior to any edition heretofore published, either in Europe or America.

II. The work will be comprised in eight volumes, 8vo. Each volume to contain upwards of 500 pages. The price to Subscribers will be two dollars a volume in boards, to be paid for on the delivery of each volume. To non-subscribers the price will be considerably enhanced.

III. Those who procure or become responsible for nine sets, shall receive a tenth gratis, and in that proportion for any greater number.

☞ Subscription papers will be furnished any gentlemen who are disposed to aid the publishers in effecting this expensive undertaking. Those who hold subscription papers, are requested to return them to said ETHERIDGE and BLISS, No. 12, Cornhill, Boston, on or before the first of January, 1807.

☞ In order to have the ink thoroughly dry, and add to the beauty of the impression, the work is to be delivered in boards.

July 25.

Rev. Mr. EMERSON'S Sermon,
on the death of Mr. CHARLES AUSTIN,
(just published) for sale at the Emerald
office, and at the Bookstores in town.

Boston, Published by Belcher & Armstrong, No. 70, State-Street.

MARRIAGES.

In Columbia, S. C. Mr. E. Hammond, one of the Professors of South Carolina College, to Miss Catharine Fox Spann; At Cambridge, Mr. Chester Sessions, mer. to Miss Sarah Reed; At Charlestown, Mr. John Gregory, to Miss Sally Call; At Newport, Mr. Wm. A. Allston, to Miss Mary Young, both of S. Carolina.

In this town, by the Rev. Mr. Emerson, Mr. John Homans, to Miss Mable Whitwell, both of this town.

Mr. Elijah Vose, mer. to Miss Catharine Cobb, daughter of the late Benjamin Cobb, Esq.

DEATHS.

At Timbridge Wells, (Eng) Jan. 24th, Charles Francis Sheridan, Esq. elder brother of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan.

Near Savannah, (Geo.) suddenly, Miss Matilda, and Miss Evelina, daughters of Dr. Elijah Gillet; At Charleston, (S. C.) Mrs. Mary A. S. Hall, aged 62; Mrs. C. Johnson, aged 34; James Duncan, Esq.—At N. Haven, (Con.) Mr. Theodore Perit, aged 51; Mrs. Margaret Thayer, aged 29.

In this town, Mrs. Sarah Carroll, aged 35; Mrs. Mary R. Cooper, aged 27; Mr. James Wilson, aged 39.

PRINTING, IN ALL ITS VARIETY, executed at the shortest notice at this office. Wanted two apprentices.

Charnock's Life of Nelson.

PROPOSAL,

BY ETHERIDGE & BLISS, No. 12, CORNHILL, BOSTON,
FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION, A NEW AND INTERESTING
WORK, ENTITLED

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF VISCOUNT NELSON,

WITH OBSERVATIONS CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

BY JOHN CHARNOCK, ESQ. F.S.A.

Author of the *Biographia Navalis*, and the *History of Marine Architecture*, &c.

Extract from the Introduction to the Work.

“THE extraordinary person of whom we are to treat, born and educated in the stillness of domestic privacy, carried with him through a life of unexampled glory that exquisitely noble, though tender, simplicity of mind and manners, which, while it relieved the more dazzling parts of his character, endeared him to those who knew him best, even more than all his victories. It was made up of many excellent passions and sentiments, so mixed and nourished in the warmest heart that ever inhabited a human breast, that it seemed to be, or rather was, but one quality, which invariably influenced his conduct, and shone in all he thought, said, or acted.”

CONDITIONS.

1. The work will be neatly and correctly printed, on fine vellum paper, with a new type.

2. It will contain about 350 pages, 8vo and will be delivered to subscribers at *One Dollar and Fifty Cents*, in boards, or *One Dollar and Seventy Five Cents*, bound and lettered. To nonsubscribers the price will be enhanced.—The New-York edition sells for 2 *dolls.* and 25 *cents*, in boards.

3. Those who subscribe for six copies, or procure that number of subscribers, and become responsible for the payment, shall be entitled to a seventh gratis.

GENTLEMEN holding subscriptions are requested to return them to the Publishers by the 15th of September next. at which time the work will be nearly completed.—July 23, 1806.

THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 16.

Boston, Saturday, August 16, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. XLI.

SUSPENSE.

THE most uneasy and painful situation to which the mind is subjected, is a state of suspense. Anxiously awaiting the issue of some interesting event, vibrating between the extremes of hope and disappointment, alarmed without knowing the extent of its danger, defenceless because unacquainted with the point of attack, it has no relief from fortitude, no aid from patience, nor any resource from the melancholy quiet of despair. To danger in its proper form some opposition may be made; art may evade what strength cannot overpower; or the assistance of friendship may alleviate what individual energy could not control; but to the giant of the mind's creation, the alarming monster, who is preparing to come upon us in shape unformed and power unmeasured, no resistance can be made, for we know not where he is vulnerable and no measures can be taken for security, for we know not how security may be found.

The faculties of the mind, which are formed to divert misfortune or

destroy its acuteness, are perfectly useless in a state of suspense; and at a time when the pressure of distress requires the utmost effort of every possible power, we are obliged to remain in a state of restless inaction, our only employment that of magnifying danger, and our only relief that of knowing that against all earthly evils there is an asylum in the tomb.

It is true indeed that the distress of suspense is proportioned to the value of the object to be gained or to be lost, but it always turns the mind from its equipoise and throws it like a cork upon the water to the mercy of every wave, and the direction of every wind. In small concerns it seldom does farther injury than to wrile the temper and create an uncomfortable peevishness and caprice; but as it relates to more important concerns it progresses to carelessness, inattention, abstraction, melancholy, madness, suicide! There are some men of dispositions so peculiarly susceptible, so interested in the contingencies of life, as respecting themselves or their friends, that the apprehension of danger which they cannot control has a more deleterious effect on their minds; and others so cold with apathy that they know nothing till they feel it, and never let their imagination outrun the present hour, lest their capability of enjoyment should unfortunately be marred. But take men as they rise and

suspense will generally be found more intolerable than the actual sufferance of the expected evil, and that one half the acuteness of misfortune arises from the edge which imagination affixes to it. We have such an innate horror for distress that its farthest approach is seen with alarming apprehension, and we strain so hard to pencil out its distant form that it looms larger to the eye through the mist of the mind.

CHARLES MANVILLE was one of the most open, and generous dispositions which are found in society; noble in his principles and manly in his actions, he never varied from the directions of honor nor the dignity of pride. A refined education had given a purity to his sentiments, and a liberal society added polish to his manners, and elegance to his deportment; in parties of fashion he was met with admiration, and in circles of friendship received with regard. Charles had early been united to a woman of family and fortune, but her virtue was superior to her family and her beauty to her fortune. She was one of those who interest the eye and fascinate the heart. Elegant in conversation and gay in her address, she charmed by her appearance and perpetuated her empire by the prudence of her government. While the man of gallantry felt consequence from her smile, and the novice advanced under her protection with confidence; her dignity restrained the look of licentiousness and her eye intimidated the advances of boldness.— Charles delighted to see his wife surrounded by circles of admiring wits, and fashionable beaux; it was a consequence he delighted her maintaining; it never interfered with the affections of a wife, nor the duties of a mother; her heart always dilated with love at the approach of her husband, and the tell-tale lus-

tre of her eye spoke the joy his approbation could impart. For the enjoyment of life it is not sufficient merely to be virtuous, it is required that no room be allowed for suspicion. In the circles where Manville associated, some were found who envied his happiness because it was beyond their possession, and others who wished to destroy it, that he might not weary their eye by such a dazzling pre-eminence. Against confidence so strong force could not prevail, and art might have been thought ineffectual; yet the serpent could wind himself unseen under the flowers of domestic happiness, and while he infused poison into the hand, which protected him, leave it at leisure to rankle in the wound.

Manville either by the insinuations of envious dependants, or some other unfortunate source, was induced to doubt the fidelity of his beloved *Eleonora*. Without means to ascertain whether his jealousy was founded in truth, fearing to express his doubts to the wind or almost to breathe on them in silent meditation, yet nevertheless actually distrusting, trembling at the awful situation, he gradually lost the cheerfulness of his conduct, and the hilarity he had always created no longer beamed in his presence. Every day increased his alarm and determined him to procure if possible the damning conviction of guilt, but he hesitated instinctively at violating in thought the purity he had ever held in sacred admiration, and in cool moments of reflection, would bring himself to a conviction which the warm influence of hope almost strengthened into certainty, that the terrors which so long had governed him, were the mere creatures of a distempered mind. In this fluctuating state of *suspense*, when the heart vibrated like a pendulum to opposite extremes, he could neither

conduct with the boldness of vengeance, nor the confidence of love. Wearied with life, sickened at its charms and disgusted with its ills, he resolved to lessen the torments which harassed him by the only means he had power to adopt—he resolved to untie the knot by which he was bound, to be no more fettered with terrible suspense, which hung damp and heavy on his heart. He prepared his pistol, bid adieu to the world, and left to his friends this melancholy reflection, That as there are few positive and known evils which the mind cannot be made to bear, so the terrors which it forms by its own power of creation destroy its resistance and enervate its strength.

Passion was given to man as some little antidote to pain.—“Railing (says Junius) is a relief to the mind.” But in a state of suspense, the passions which should mollify, irritate and inflame. They are like barriers in a flood, which unable to confine the stream, cause it to foam and rage with additional violence. They should serve as conductors of grief, but are rendered useless by the impossibility of knowing how they should be turned. They are wings on which misfortune sometimes flies away, but *suspense* moults their feathers and destroys its flight.

E.

For the Emerald.

AMUSEMENT.

AMUSEMENTS are necessary and universal. They restore the tone of the enfeebled body, and are the sweetest cordials of soul. They rest it, when fatigued by long application; and invigorate it, when drooping under a load of sorrow

and oppression. The object of amusement and its universality sufficiently prove its importance. And is it not wonderful, that, while genius is exerted to improve and reduce every thing else to system, this alone should be left to chance and self-resignation? Nothing is more neglected, yet surely nothing more seriously demands our early attention.

Our benevolent Creator has made those pursuits, necessary for our welfare, not only tolerable, but grateful to the feelings; and given us reason to direct us in the use of those bounties. Yet we rush on amusements with tumultuous and inconsiderate joy, heedless in what manner, or how far they are necessary to restore the lassitude of the soul, or nerve the enfeebled body; till temperate use, so far from restoring, debilitates both.

Amusements have been rough or effeminate according to the progress of civilization; but all ages and nations have agreed in their abuse. The hardy Greek would hurl the ponderous discus, hurried by emulation, till his strength and vigor forsook him, and death often followed the blow of the cæstus. The modern youth revels out the night in the assembly room, or at the gaming house, heedless of the demands of sleep, the fumes of wine, or the chill colds of night. The ancient would engage in the mystic rites of the ceremonials in honor of his deities, and for a time annihilate his reason, if not entirely destroy his health; and, like him, the modern savage returns from the festival of his war-whoop.

Neither the piercing colds of the north, nor the cloudy vapors of the south are regarded; but in the pursuit of amusements we seem to think ourselves immortal. No class

of people can be named in any clime, to whom excess does not seem familiar, and fall of course into their intervals of recreation.

While such is our abuse of privileges, we have little reason to complain of the frailty of our nature; nor need we wonder, that in the long period since the flood the days of man are shortened, and the strength of his nature has departed. It is our greatest misfortune, that we have not resolution enough to be reasonable. Our closet theories are generally correct; but we go abroad, and make our conduct precisely their opposite. We go in quest of pleasures, determined to taste them moderately, and return exhilarated, and prepared anew for the rational business of life. But, the pleasure found, we dwell on it, till it surfeits. The mind sickens, and the body languishes: we draw ourselves away, and curse the propensity, that drew us thither.

While we thus misuse the blessings within our reach, let us cease madly to arraign the dispensations of Providence, or to lament the hard lot of humanity. W.

For the Emerald.

REVIEW

Of a Sermon, delivered to the First Church in Boston, on the Lord's Day after the calamitous death of Mr. CHARLES AUSTIN, member of the senior class in the University of Cambridge, which happened August 4, 1806, in the nineteenth year of his age, by WILLIAM EMERSON, pastor of the church.

PERHAPS no cause ever more deeply interested an audience than the melancholy catastrophe which gave occasion to this discourse. The duty of the speaker was diffi-

cult and delicate. While expressing the common feelings of humanity he might by some have been considered as "*an advocate*," and while lamenting the violence of passion, he might by others have been censured as "*a Judge*."—But the discourse before us is liable to no such objection; it comes with propriety from a christian minister, anxious and interested in the well-fare of his flock. The text is selected with judgment. It unfolds at once the view of the speaker, and brings the subject directly to the bosom of his audience. *Make thee mourning as for an only son—most bitter lamentation*, Jeremiah vi. 26. The introductory remarks are at once striking and appropriate. In clear and perspicuous language the prospects of mankind are disclosed, and life is forcibly stated to be nothing but "*a history of disappointed expectations*."

The sermon is divided into two parts illustrative of two truths suggested by the text.

"The first is, The death of children affords just cause of mourning to parents. The second is, The sins of the age are equally a source of bitter lamentation to the people of God."

In the first part the speaker gives an impressive and feeling illustration of those strong ties of affection "*which bind the heart of a parent to the life of a child*."

"They calculate on his usefulness in the world. They carry forward their views to the period, when he shall distinguish himself in the walks of science, or in commercial pursuits, when he shall take a part in the councils of his country, or assist in building up society by an industrious life and a fair example. Full of such pleasing prospects, they naturally say to their hearts, *This our son shall comfort us concerning our toil and work of our hands*. We must decrease; but he will increase. To us

the evil days are coming, and the years drawing nigh, when we shall say, *We have no pleasure in them.* But he shall soothe our growing infirmities, and soften the pillow of our declining age. In his vigour we shall renew our youth, and he shall transmit our name and fortunes to a future generation. But in the death of their children, these fond expectations of parents are blasted, and hard is that heart, which will not join them in adopting the complaint of bereaved Job, *Have pity upon us, have pity upon us, O, ye our friends, for the hand of God hath touched us.*"

He then goes on to state the deeper cause of mourning when "departed children gave promise of strong intellects, and amiable minds," or parents are deprived the consolation of watching their dying bed, and "strengthening their faith in the resurrection which Jesus preached," and then by a beautiful transition brings forward the distressing event in the following impressive appeal to the sympathy of his audience.

"Imagine to yourselves, my friends, an instance, in which this privilege is denied to affectionate parents, and can you blame them for the most bitter lamentation? Imagine them one moment happy in the life, the talents, and prospects of a son, blooming with youth, and health and enterprize. In the next they behold him felled by an instrument of death, and lost to them, to friendship, science, and the world. Merciful God! what a trial for the faith of christians! At least, they may be allowed the use of our prophet's mourning on another occasion, *Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold and see if there be any sorrow, like unto our sorrow, which is done unto us, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted us in the day of his fierce anger?*

"Imagine, did I say? Such a case has already existed. There are parents in this house of the Lord, who are mourning the loss of a child under all the aggravating circumstances of distress, which I have enumerated. They are lamenting the tragical death of a son, who was dear to them by the workings of natural affection, by a noble form,

and the urbanity of his manners; who, rich in academick honours, was about entering on the stage of life, and whose uncommon talents and acquisitions promised to be a support, a joy, and an ornament to their house.

"Under this awful calamity they have had indeed all the consolation, which the public regret and the sympathy of very numerous friends can possibly yield. Their most permanent supports however, in this affliction, will be derived from religion. May the God of mercy grant them these supports! We commend them and their dear surviving children to that God, whose judgments are unsearchable, whose ways are past finding out; and whose most gracious purposes are sometimes shrouded in thick and angry clouds!"

The subsequent part is an eloquent lamentation over the "sins of the times." How far the theological opinion respecting "an earthly millennium" may be considered as orthodox, must be determined by first ascertaining in what orthodoxy consists. We apprehend it will not meet universal assent from all classes of divines. Every one, however, will unite with the preacher in lamenting the "wicked state of society on account of its consequences."

"When the lusts and passions of men have trampled on the precepts of divine and human authority, there is little security for either property, reputation, or life. Suspicion and distrust will poison the intercourse of society. If defended against open violence, we shall yet be obnoxious to deceit and treachery. If shielded from oppression in its most glaring forms, yet want of private faith, without confidence in apparent friends, and with no knowledge of the number and power of our foes, our situation will be irksome and perilous."

There are in this sermon no new theological opinions, for it was not an occasion to suggest them. There are perhaps no truths recently discovered and displayed, for it was no time for inquisitive research, but

the true spirit of christianity is admirably displayed ; the consolations which it was the duty of a gospel minister to afford, are gratefully offered. The rage of party violence, and the consequent corruption of public morals are lamented and denounced with a boldness demonstrative of sincerity, and an energy, that while it commands attention will ensure respect.

The following exhortation, produced by that animation which the subject inspired, is beautiful and impressive.

“ What then, finally, my brethren, do I propose, as the means of averting the divine displeasure ? I propose, and recommend that we bring hither the enemies of Christ, our habits of evil speaking, our inordinate ambition, our pride and malice, and slay them at his feet. I ask that we bring hither our feuds and discord, our malevolence and selfishness, and make a sacrifice of them on the altar of the gospel. I exhort that the work of reformation begin in every bosom and in every mouth. I admonish that we universally impose the restraints of religion on our hearts and hands, our lips and pens. *Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath, for it is written, Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.* Let us feel that we are fellow-men, and endeavour to become fellow-christians. Fellow travellers to the grave we certainly are, and soon shall be fellow candidates for God’s compassion at his tremendous bar. In this frail, dying, guilty condition, *cursed be our anger for it is fierce, and our wrath for it is cruel.*”

The style, as will appear by the extracts we have made, is easy, uniform and correct, it neither swells into bombast nor degenerates into frigidity ; there are some few loose expressions, and one or two inelegant periods, but it is generally pure and classical and will not detract from the literary reputation of the reverend author.

EMILIUS.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS, AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

Contested Elections.

THE first contested election was of the three Goddesses on mount Ida, whose names were JUNO, MINERVA and VENUS. Paris was returning Officer who decreed in favor of Venus by presenting her with a golden apple. Juno, on approaching Paris, told him that though it was beneath her dignity to converse with a mortal, yet if he would be her friend, she would make him a nabob. Minerva told him that learning was better than house and land, and if he would be her friend she would teach him *propria quæ maribus*. But Venus, who thought it would be wasting time to make use of words, gave him such a look as put her in possession of the golden Apple. The Queen of beauty out of gratitude to Paris, who had so well managed the election for her, made him a present of several slices of that golden pippin, and in commemoration of that event such slices have been made use of as presents at all other general elections. They have a sympathy like that which happens to electrical wires, let an hundred hold them in their hands their sensations will be the same, but they differ from electricity in one essential point, which is that though the touch be ever so great, it never shocks people. Stevens.

Ale-House Politicians.

Here political tobaccoists make the measures of government in cut and dry arguments ; here opposition taylors prove the nation has been cabbaged, here saddlers turned statesmen, find a curb for the ministry, here the minority veteran play-

ers argue that the scene ought to be shifted, that the king's household wants a better manager; that his majesty's company are a set of very bad actors, that there is no necessity for a wardrobe keeper, and he humbly moves that the king should discharge his prompter. *Ibid.*

When Plutarch was asked why he resided in his native city so obscure and little, I stay, said he, lest it should grow less.

Epigram.

LUNA EST FÆMINA.

Luna rubit, pallet, crescit, nocte ambulat, errat
Hæc quoque fæmineo propria sunt generi
Cornua Luna facit, facit hæc quoque Fæmina, mutat
Qualibet hæc autem mense, sed illa die.

BUTLER.

Johnson's concluding observations in his life of Butler, are applicable at the present day to many of the occurrences with which we are concerned.

Burlesque consists in a disproportion between the style and the sentiments. It therefore, like all bodies composed of heterogeneous parts, contains in it a principle of corruption. All disproportion is unnatural, and from what is unnatural we only derive the pleasure which novelty produces. We admire it awhile as a strange thing, but when it is no longer strange, we perceive its deformity. It is a kind of artifice which by frequent repetition detects itself, and the reader learning in time what he has to expect, lays down his book as the spectator turns away from a second exhibition of those tricks of which the only use is to show that they can be played.

M. Demauroix, a person well known in France half a century since, being advised by his friends to marry and reproached for having delayed it so long, answered in the following verses.

Aimi, je vois beaucoup de bien,
Dans le parti qu'on me propose,
Mais toutefois ne pressons rien,
Prendre femme et etrange chose,
Il faut y penser murement,
Sage gens en qui je me fie
M'ont dit que c'est fait prudemment,
Que d'y songer tout sa vie.

Translated.

Perhaps, my friend, you counsel well,
And happy those who marry;
But where to fix I cannot tell
Still blameless tho' I tarry,
To ponder much when much depends,
Was always counted wise,
And he that well to wed intends
Should think on't till he dies.

The following anecdote from a work professedly giving the history of Women, is said to be true, although various writers have recorded it with some variation of detail.

The Scythians, whose character is far from being the most abandoned of the antients, seem not to have had much cause to boast of the chastity and fidelity of their women. The greatest part of their men having on some occasion made an expedition into Asia, were detained there much beyond their expectation, when their wives either impatient of their long absence, or despairing of their return, took their servants and slaves and invested them in all the possessions and privileges of their masters. These, sometime afterwards hearing that their masters were about to return, fortified and entrenched themselves in order to hinder them from entering into their own country, and claiming their wives and possessions. The Scythians having advanced to their slaves several skirmishes.

were fought between them with doubtful success, when one of the leaders advised his countrymen not to fight again with their own slaves, as with equals, nor to attack them with warlike weapons, which were signs of freedom, but with each whips and scourges as they had formerly been accustomed to make them feel. This advice being put in execution, the whips recalled their ideas of slavery, and all the pusillanimity naturally attending it. They threw down their arms, fled in confusion, and many of them were taken and put to death—and not a few of the unfaithful wives destroyed themselves to avoid the resentment of their injured husbands.

It is supposed that the antient custom in Russia which is now happily forgotten, of the bride presenting the bridegroom on the nuptial night with a whip, originated from this story of the Scythian wives.

Alexander.

FROM LONDON PAPERS.

HUMOROUS.

Hardships of a Military Life.

We have received the following letter, with the inclosure, from Hamburgh, and the facts therein may be relied on. If the French eat and drink like the Prussians, it is a wonder that any sort of food is to be had.

SIR, Hamburgh, June 10, 1806.

The following extraordinary production comes from the pen of Major Von Streit, in his Prussian Majesty's service, and is addressed to the town clerk of Grasenbergh, in the territory of the city of Nuremberg; should you be of opinion it will amuse your readers, you will oblige me by inserting it in your paper. It is faithfully translated from the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Friday, May 23, 1806, No. 143; Page 571.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant.

L. Y.

MR. TOWN CLERK,

I have in compliance with the orders I have received already, verbally informed Mr. Town Clerk, which information has been repeated by the commanding officer of the place, that the Prussian troops under my command, are to be treated in the same manner, and are to receive the same allowances with the Royal Imperial French troops in Nuremberg, but to prevent the possibility of a misunderstanding, I repeat in writing, that the officers are to be furnished with four hot dishes at dinner, beside soup, and are to have wine both at dinner and supper; and always two hot dishes at supper, besides soup. Each non-commissioned officer and private is to have besides his breakfast, two hot dishes at dinner, besides soup, and two quarts of beer, and for supper one hot dish, besides soup, and two quarts of beer. I take this opportunity to desire Mr. Town Clerk will observe, that the troops under my command will regulate the police of the town with the greatest exactness, and that smoking in the streets is forbidden, on pain of such corporeal punishment as we shall think fit to inflict; and confiscation of the pipe; and after half past nine no inhabitant will be permitted to be seen in any inn or alehouse; the patrols will look to this, and arrest all persons who shall be found out after that hour; who will infallibly be punished with fine and whipping. I expect this order will be exactly obeyed. Mr. Town Clerk will immediately provide me with a penknife and paperfolder, which shall be returned on my departure, he will also take care that we get all the newspapers that are read here. The beer in this house is very bad, and very good is to be had at Kloster Wesenoe; the Town Clerk will therefore have several barrels filled there, and sent to head quarters, or at least from 25 to 30 pitchers every day. It is just the same with the wine; we had a sort of red wine, which at best was only tolerable; it is just out and care must be taken to provide good wine. My officers were contented with that wine, and the table in general, although they had not as many dishes as they had a right to demand.—Care must be taken to provide a dessert at least twice a week, together with three bottles of champagne.—To preserve good order, and to prevent the exorbitant bills of innkeepers, I make known

that each officer is to have a bottle of wine at dinner and the same at supper—There are ten officers, therefore twenty bottles of wine must be furnished daily.—If this requisition is not immediately complied with, I shall make Mr. Town Clerk answerable for the unpleasant consequences.

VON STREIT, Major.

Head-quarters, Graefenburg, April 18.

[Among the singular advertisements of quack doctors, there can probably be no where found an instance of boldness equal to the following, taken from the London Courier of the 27th June.]

A Challenge.—Messrs. Currie & Co. challenge the whole world to prove a single instance where their Medicine and Method of Cure have failed of the desired effect.

The Manager of a Company of Tragedians, at Versailles, being advised to form a corps of the *pages* of the King, Queen, and Princes, answered sulkily, “do you think I want to make a *book*?”

A letter from Limerick, of the 9th instant, says, “A few days ago a man was summoned to appear before our Chief Magistrate, charged with a species of fraud hitherto unknown in this part of the United Kingdom, to wit, *selling his wife* for ten guineas, and then passing *another man's wife* on the purchaser instead of his own—*splendide fallax*.”

The Monthly Magazine, already acknowledged to be the best literary Journal in Europe, has acquired fresh vigor and new claims to public patronage, from some recent new arrangements, highly creditable, we understand, to the energy and discernment of its original projector and conductor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We invite our poetical friends to try their wit at a translation of the Latin Epigram, among our desultory selections. The skill of the poet will give force and point to the satire.

The Lines of Z. are as crooked as his signature. We feel some pride in our poetical department, and will let no one in for a share of its honors, who cannot “give as well as take.”

The communication “*from Court-Street*,” is written with the correctness of a politician and the elegance of a scholar. We should be happy to convey to the public, the author's observations on topics of literature; but the Emerald will never be engaged in the discussions of politics. Agreeably to its original design, it will keep aloof from the storms of party, and afford a bower of peaceful retirement, uninterrupted by the rudeness of political contention. In this determination, the Editors are not to be accused of indifference to the interests of their country: but “*non omnia omnibus attant*”—Literature and politics have no connection. They are as improper together as Greek at a tea-table.

S. L.'s communication cannot be inserted, yet it shows points of character which are perhaps better than either elegance of style or acuteness of observation. We can address him in the words of HENRY V. *A fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow—but a GOOD HEART is the sun and moon, or rather the sun and not the moon, for it shines brighter and never changes but keeps its course truly.*

R**. has nature for his guide, and the Muses for his friend.

The Poetry of EDWIN is easy and elegant.

The communication on “*friendship*,” will be attended to in turn.

Literary Notice.

S. H. Parker, of this town, proposes to put immediately to the press, (from a copy just published at Edinburgh,) a new Poem, entitled “HOME.” The work will be printed on a superfine woven paper, and will be comprised in about 150 pages, neat pocket size.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Emerald.

SUMMER.

SUMMER in his glowing car,
 Gleaming resplendent from afar,
 Pours his flood of glory forth;
 Scattered by his lightning eye.
 More distant still, the chill blasts fly,
 And howl around their ice thron'd king
 the north.

O whilst he sends his scorching ray
 And sheds "intolerable day,"
 Give me the forest's gloomiest
 shade; [round,
 And where sweet coolness lives a-
 And leads her streams of soothing
 sound, [laid.
 There I'll recline at ease, in moss bed
 Farsweeter there such shades among;
 The insect's hum, the bird's sweet
 song,
 And every sound of humblest birth;
 The buzz of bee in honied flower,
 What time its leaves his limbs em-
 bower,
 And with his weight he bends its head
 to earth.

Quick let me fly; in western skies,
 Lo! where the thick'ning clouds arise!
 Hark, heard you not the thunder's
 sound?
 E'en now the vaulted sky is riven,
 With the deep artillery of Heaven,
 And see the swift wing'd lightnings
 dart around.

Now the embattled clouds do pour,
 Heavy & quick the big dropt shower;
 And thunders rock the pole,
 Till showering all their stores amain,
 Full soon they fly the ethereal plain;
 Yet still the distant rolling awes the soul.
 And did not then the Almighty king,
 Ride upon the tempest's wing,
 And make his chariot in the cloud?
 Bow down your heads, ye sons of
 earth! [worth!
 How low your state, how mean your
 He speaks? the mighty shake, and fall
 to dust the proud.

But lo! where blushing sweet, the
 morn
 With roses doth her brow adorn,
 And smiles enraptur'd on the world.
 How mild the air, how fair the flowers,

O then, whilst calmness round she
 showers,
 I'll brush the dews before day's banner
 is unfurl'd.

Ye fair, whose blush with morning vies,
 Up, from that languid couch arise,
 Climb, cheerful climb the mountain's
 side;
 'Twill give to every charm new grace,
 Deepen the roses of the face,
 Thee lovelier make, and man's yet
 greater pride.

Night too hath many charms for me,
 When silvering o'er the rippling sea,
 The full orb'd moon doth rise,
 Then quiet o'er the mind is spread,
 Then doth she contemplation wed
 And raise sweet forms, deck'd out in
 rainbow dies.

Then fairy beings flit around,
 With tiny footsteps print the ground,
 Following Fancy's mazy tread;
 The sober Wisdom's heavenly form,
 Of passions quells the raging storm:
 Or bids us praise his name who all this
 goodness shed. R**

For the Emerald.

WHEN free from care I tread the dewy
 vale
 Or o'er the gilded hill-top bend my way,
 To snuff the fragrance of the pōnant
 gale,
 And view the beauties of the budding
 day,
 How beats my pulsive heart with chaste
 desire! [fire!
 How glows my bosom with devotion's
 Aurora, deck'd in robes of saffron dye,
 Perfum'd with sweets from new-blown
 Edens driven,
 Reflects her blushes on the clouds, that
 fly,
 Surcharg'd with amber from the
 streams of heav'n.
 So blush'd my Mira, when unwilling led
 By laughing bride-maids to the nuptial
 bed.

The buoyant lark slow wings the balmy
 air,
 And kindly whistles to his mate a song,
 While she, beside her nest, with tender
 care

Repeats his numbers to her callow
young.

Sing on, sweet birds, such strains, as
thine, impart

Celestial raptures to the heart !

And, perch'd upon the cedar's topmost
bough,

That bends beneath his weight, the
blackbird sings,

While zephyrs sport around his jetty
brow,

Or kiss the ruffled carmine of his wings.

He shakes his plumes—Diana sounds
her horn, [morn.

All nature joins to "welcome in" the

Lo, yonder sporting with a "dear de-
light,"

Free from the anguish of Reflection's
pain,

The lambs in love and harmony unite,
And chase their shadows o'er the florid
plain.

How free they bound, unconscious of
their doom,

And crop the lily in its infant bloom !

Hark ! hear on yonder di'mond-span-
gled mead,

Beneath the branching of a tufted pine,
The shepherd, piping on his rustic reed,
Awakes the mountains with his strains
divine ;

While 'neath the copse the green-clad
sylphs advance,

And laughing *trip it* down the mystic
dance !

Mark his smooth brow ! how joy illumines
each smile !

How pleasure sparkles in his hazle eyes !

His pipe and Laura ev'ry care beguile,

Possess'd of these he ev'ry care defies ;

For like his flocks, that graze his ver-
dant fields,

He knows no pleasure but what nature
yields.

Along the margin of the rippling tide
Ten thousand beauties sparkle in my
view :

The violet, eglantine in native pride

Refulgent glitter with the morning dew,

While volant bees their lucent wings
disclose,

And "sip the nectar" of the humid
rose !

And can those beauties, which my soul
entrance

With the sweet sense of gratitude and
love, [chance,

Can these come flowing from the lap of

Nor claim creation from a pow'r above ?

Ah no ! a sweeter thought the bosom
cheers,

In ev'ry scene a smiling God appears !

Then teach me thou, whose all-creative
word [arise,

From mists chaotic bade these scenes

Thou great first cause, creation's po-
tent Lord ;

O, ever teach me these thy gifts to
prize ; [desire,

And may each morn excite a chaste

And warm my bosom with devotion's
fire. EDWIN.

Newton, Aug. 1st, 1806.

FOR THE EMERALD.

"Tis visionary all !"

THOU, who taught me first to dream,

Smile, bright Fancy, on my theme ;

For to dreams alone we owe,

Sprightly joys and deep-felt woe !

We're actors all, old Shakespeare
said :

We're dreamers all shall be display'd.

In early youth what visions rise, [plies ;

What glaring dreams young hope sup-

The world a paradise of joy,

Its pleasures such as ne'er can cloy ;

For, borne on Fancy's wings we fly,

O'er all that can create a sigh,

And basking in bright Fortune's ray,

Enjoy a clear unclouded day,

Until, alas ! some dire mishap,

Awake us from the pleasing nap,

And bids us mourn those blessings past,

Which, ah ! we dream'd in vain would
last.

That lovers dream is nothing new,

Ideal charms they still pursue ;

Neglectful of the just and true,

Till dull realities appear,

And sad experience proves too clear ;

Who builds not on bright Virtue's base,

With dreamers soon will find a place.

The Merchant dreams of riches
gain'd, [tain'd ;

The Statesman dreams of posts ob-

Nor do they from their dreams awake,

Till money fails, and friends forsake.

The Lawyer too, who clients finds,

Still in the general vision joins ;

And oft so strangely dreams prevail,

Justice sits nodding o'er her scale ;

Though judges are array'd around,

Whose gowns and wigs speak depth
profound.

Even Doctors too, as I've been told,
Among the dreaming sect are roll'd,
Pronouncing with supreme decision,
That life and death are but a vision.

The Poet—ah! what dreams assail,
What visions round him still prevail:
Now soaring high on wings of air,
Now whelm'd beneath the *waves of care*;
The child of laughter and of tears,
Still vainly scourg'd by hopes and fears
Condemn'd no medium to know,
But in extremes his life to flow;
While smoothly with the plodding
throng,
The sons of dullness dream along.

A DREAMER.

For the Emerald.

To —

My fair one, thy cheeks are as red as
the rose,

And thy lips with the ruby can vie;
Thy bosom's as white and as pure as
the snows, [eye.

And how sweet thy blue languishing
But why do I call thee most graceful
and fair,

Tell the beauties united in thee?
Do they call the soft sigh from my
heart, and does there
Dwell young *Love*? for perhaps it
may be.

O yes! there is *something* your smile
can impart,
When those elegant beauties I view,
A *something*, a *thrilling*, a tumult of heat,
Which inform me alas! *it is true*.

R**.

(SELECTED.)

THE WHIM OF THE DAY.

My mother, good woman, says she,
O Toney when you go to town,
If you do not listen to me,
You'll be thought an ignorant clown.
Now, she was a woman of sense,
Important instructions she gave,
Which, *pro bono*, I mean to dispense,
To shew you how I must behave:
Learn to dance—fence and prance,
Hat so white—boots so bright,
Gaining praise—driving bays,
Hand 'em in—tandem in;
This is "The Whim of the Day," says
she,
Yes, this is "The Whim of the Day."
Imprimis, I must wear a wig,
So furiously frizzled now think

How beautiful, burley, and big,
With my stockings a delicate pink;
And then a flat opera hat
With tassels, tuck'd under my arm,
My quizzing glass, rings, and all that,
The dear little angels I charm.
Pretty lass—cocking glass,
Taking snuff—talking stuff,
Stare in face—with a grace,
How d' ye do?—how d' ye do?
This is "The Whim of the Day," says
she,
Yes, this is "The Whim of the Day."
The wife must be little I wed,
For fairies are now all the taste;
Her cheeks and her ribbands all red,
And her handkerchief tied to her
waist.

And she, too, must wear a grey wig,
No pockets so heavy to drag;
For fear of appearing too big,
She must carry her clothes in a bag.
A vermicule—ridicule,
Pretty soul—parasol,
Spencers blue—see 'em through,
Hanging vails—catch the gales;
This is "The Whim of the Day," says
she,

Yes, this is "The Whim of the Day."
Little girls, so all things are reverst,
In trowsers appear, I declare,
Then for girls, sure this age is the worst,
So early the breeches they wear.
Yet one thing poor mortals must cheer,
That females are so full of graces,
If failings in fashion appear,
They sink when you look in their faces.
Beautiful—dutiful,
Fashions all—follies call,
Pardon beg—make a leg,
Wish for more—say encore.

This is "The Whim of the Day," says I,
Yes, this is "The Whim of the Day."
[*London Sporting Magazine.*

STANZAS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

THE jutting rocks, the ocean laves,
And soon or late those rocks decay;
Until, with liquid powers, the waves,
Sweep every rugged stone away.
Not so the seas of tears I pour,
Ah cruel! while for thee I pine:
Those seas of tears but harden more
That unrelenting heart of thine.

Boston, (Mass.) Published
BY BELCHER & ARMSTRONG,
No. 70, State Street.

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